

## THE GREATEST OF THESE.

["Charity Blankets, Brown and Grey, per pair, 2s. 11d."—*Draper's Advt.*]

LADY BOUNTIFUL, muffed and furred,  
With a gracious smile and a kindly  
word,

Drives abroad in her coach and pair  
To visit the poor, who are all her care.  
Empty-handed she comes not nigh,  
Never a door she passes by;  
At every cottage her carriage stops,  
And charity blankets down she drops.  
Blankets brown and blankets grey  
Lady BOUNTIFUL gives away—  
None of your common or "Witney"  
brand,

But specially made and specially planned  
By a philanthropic firm, to keep  
Poor shivering paupers warm while they  
sleep

When wintry storms do howl and blow,  
And the world is a desert of ice and  
snow.

Lady BOUNTIFUL simply dines  
On a score of meats and a dozen wines,  
Which JEAMES and JOHN and a well-  
trained band

Of silent and orderly menials hand.  
Then, wearied out with her works of  
love,

She seeks sweet sleep in her room above,  
Where a couple of maids with gentle care  
Brush my Lady BOUNTIFUL's hair,  
Wrap her soft in a silken gown  
And tuck her warm in a bed of down.  
There she sleeps, as sure she must  
Who lives so well, the sleep of the just,  
While now and then her thoughts are  
blest

With dreams that will not spoil her rest,  
And visions about her pillow hover  
Of the many shines that her charities  
cover.

A cheap and simple route to Heaven—  
Charity blankets at two-and-eleven.

## EXPLOITING THE FIRST-HAND.

A WELL-KNOWN publisher (whose name shall be kept dark) has thought fit in an advertisement of a novel by a well-known authoress (not Miss MARIE CORELLI, by the way) to say:—

"In London Society, as everyone knows, Mrs. — is one of the most sought after of women. She can thus write of high life upon no mere second-hand acquaintance with it."

So had an example is pretty sure to be followed, and we may soon expect to see paragraphs framed on the same intrusive model. As for instance:—

Miss AMARYLLIS INTSHADE is about to give the world a volume of short stories, with the tender passion as the *motif* of them all. As it is notorious that the authoress is the most proposed-to *débutante* of the Coronation year, she



G. C. STARK.

Hostess. "YOU'RE NOT GOING ALREADY, PROFESSOR, SURELY!"

The Professor. "I'M SORRY TO, MY DEAR LADY, BUT I HAVE BEEN WORKING SO LATE ALL THE WEEK I FEEL I MUST HAVE MY BEAUTY SLEEP TO-NIGHT."

Hostess. "THEN I MUSTN'T KEEP YOU. I'M SURE YOU NEED IT, POOR THING!"

clearly writes with an amount of experience that can hardly be excelled or even equalled.

*Blacksheep* is the title of a forthcoming work by an anonymous author. We understand that as he has *valeted* some of the most gentlemanly scoundrels in Europe a lively and piquant book may confidently be looked for.

Lord LETTEM HAVITT's book on *Mayors I have Met* is in the press and will be ready almost immediately. As Lord LETTEM HAVITT holds the record for freedom of boroughs presented for service in South Africa, it is clear that some entertaining experiences can hardly fail to be recounted.

Mr. HIPPO POTAMUS has just completed

the work on animals on which for some years past he has been engaged. As Mr. POTAMUS is himself an awful beast, he writes with first-hand knowledge of his subject.

## THE SITUATION.

(After Browning.)

By A STALWART RADICAL.

GILBERT JESSOP is spliced,  
Black MICHAEL's let loose,  
REDVERS BULLER's in Devon,  
Lord HUGH's nigh upcurled:  
October's well iced,  
Brum's playing the deuce,  
Mr. ASQUITH's at Leven,  
All's right with the world.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN is always welcome in the circulating library or in one's own. His reception will be none the less friendly because his latest effort, *In King's Byways* (SMITH, ELDER), is not a substitute for the old three-volume novel, but is a series of stories, each complete in itself. Of the most difficult art of short-story writing Mr. WEYMAN is past master. The scenes are laid in France in the days when HENRY THE FOURTH was King. There is none to excel Mr. WEYMAN in the art of reproducing the colour and the dirt, the bustle and the loneliness, the sound and the smell of the wicked place. My Baronite delights in the very name of the streets. The Place de Grève, the Chatelet, the Pont au Change, and "the Rue de Tirchasse, where it shoots out of the Rue de Béthissy." During the last hundred years Paris has suffered many humiliations, none more petty or more poignant than the renaming of its streets to meet the passion of the moment. Through these narrow paths Parisians of the seventeenth century wend their ways, for the most part squabbling and fighting, frequently with HENRY of Navarre, all unknown, playing a hand in the game. It is true the rapid succession of pictures is of the two-pence coloured order, dear to boyhood's heart. But in these days of Eternal Cities, Sorrows of Sardanapalus, and similar artificial flowers of fiction, a taste of the good old robust style is refreshing.

*Wonderful England* is presumably issued by Mr. GRANT RICHARD for the Christmas delectation of children. It is, however, a book of the sort that parents and other elders of the household are exceedingly likely, in assumed absence of mind, furtively to carry off for enjoyment in their private rooms. Mrs. ERNEST AMES has written the verse as well as illustrated it. Both are excellent. But the illustrations in their graphic touch, their brilliant colouring, and their sly allusiveness, are inimitable. Mrs. AMES touches a variety of topics and illuminates all:

"Here 's the great House of Commons,  
Where everyone's mind  
Is absorbed in some scheme  
Of relief for mankind."

My Baronite, interested in the topic, looks for a picture of the House, probably with Mr. WEIR on his legs. What he discovers is a rapid sketch of the Terrace, in the foreground a big red parasol only partially hiding the figure of an Hon. Member and a lady in sea-green dress engaged in deep conversation.

The scene of Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER's latest novel, *Fuel of Fire* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is laid in the district of an exceedingly matter-of-fact town, whose identity is not hidden under the name of Silverhampton. The plot is, however, cleverly invested with an attractive air of romance. The home of the hero, dating back to the Wars of the Roses, was in good old-fashioned manner made the subject of ill-boding prophecy. Thrice it was to be burned down. Twice the fate had been accomplished, and the story narrates how the third calamity was brought about. It is a deftly devised plot, throughout commanding the attention of the reader. But, as usual with Miss FOWLER, the sketches of character and the conversation that sparkles on every page form the distinction of the book. In quite different ways *Lady Alicia* and *Mrs. Candy* are delightful. The latter has qualities that, as happened in Miss FOWLER's first book, recall to my Baronite the touch of the vanished hand that wrote *Adam Bede*. A shrewd observer of human nature, more especially when developed in female form, Miss FOWLER has the gift of wise and witty expression of her impressions. *Mrs. Candy* probably knows nothing of the personnel of the House of Commons. If she had closely studied Mr. WEIR since his entrance on the scene, she could

not more accurately or more trenchantly have described him when on his legs addressing the Speaker. Speaking of herself, *Mrs. Candy* says, "Every drawer and cupboard in my mind is so full of remarks that it simply won't shut, and the more I try to empty it by making the remarks the fuller it seems to get."

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## IDYLLS OF THE KING.

## THE PASSING OF ARTHUR'S BILL.

... So the king,  
Moving as one that goes to meet his doom,  
Scarce curious what the end, and slightly bored,  
Drew on to that great battle of the Bill.  
And by him lightly rode his uncle's son,  
That had for battle-axe a crosier's crook,  
And on his blazoned shield a running scroll,  
"Ware HUGH!" (for so he spelled it, but the sound,  
Intoned as he intoned it, called to mind  
*Brer Fox*, in that old REMUS tale, that cried  
"Wahoo!"), and lippled his clarion, letting forth  
Loud parish voluntaries, and the air  
Rocked, and the High Church banners flapped their folds  
As at an organ's blast; so well he blew.

But they, the heathen, lying close and low  
(For so a common hate had overborne  
All lesser difference of each from each)  
In hollow places by the river's marge,  
Outwashed with windy riot of autumn rains,  
Abode the coming of the blameless king;  
Being, the most part, heathen not at all  
But variously Christian, so they said;  
Yet—for they chose to found a heathen league  
With less of worship than the heathen use  
(Such cleave at least to idols, wood or stone),  
Liefer than swear by any Christian creed,  
So it were not their own peculiar kind—  
Before they followed ARTHUR's way of grace,  
Bristling with toll-bars, they would see themselves  
Damned. So a common hate had overborne  
All lesser difference of each from each.

But of the knighthood some there were that stood  
Doubtfully by the king, and spake apart  
Of compromise beneath their curving palms,  
Or dealt in menace, like Sir FLAGELLANT,  
He that was wont to whip the laggards on.  
But ARTHUR took his battle-club and cried,  
Not boastfully, but with a plaintive voice  
Lacking conviction, "O my Table Round!  
I am addressed to do this hole in one,  
Or let *Ex-Bulger* perish in the act!"  
But he, the bold Sir BRUM LE CHAMBERLAIN,  
Whom some had held to be the rightful king,  
Mused in a trance, wherein the Empire showed  
Larger than other creeds, and musing rode  
With one spur dangling.

So the knighthood drew  
Down to the river's marge; and ARTHUR said,  
"I hear the FOWLER at his watery snares,  
And shrill Sir FIFE that whistles with his REIDS."  
Then to his own dear heart:—"Or this or that;  
Either the Bill, or I myself, must pass;  
But whether that or this, I cannot tell,  
Nor care so very greatly, no, not I."

O. S.

NEW BOOK.—*Slips that pass in the Night*. By a Sub-Editor of a Daily Paper.



Demard Partridge.

**NO ADMITTANCE.**

*(Even on business.)*

*Mr. Br-dr-ck.* "CAN'T ADMIT YOU WHILE IT'S GOING ON. WE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT AFTERWARDS."  
*John Bull.* "LOOK HERE. YOU'VE TAKEN MY MONEY, AND I MEAN TO COME IN."





*Little Girl (in carriage, seeing motor for first time). "OH, PAPA! LOOK! THE HORSES HAVE RUN AWAY, AND THERE'S THE CARRIAGE RUNNING AFTER THEM! ISN'T IT FUNNY!"*

### ROBERT HIGSON, D.F.

[“The inaugural meeting of the Dickens Fellowship was held last night . . . The objects of the Society, as explained by Mr. HALL CAINE, are the promotion of good-fellowship, morality, and truth as expounded by the master writer of the Nineteenth Century.”—*Morning Post*, Oct. 7.]

HIGSON always was a trifle eccentric, but it was a shock to meet him in the Strand attired in a strangely-cut coat, white knee-breeches, and silk stockings.

“Morning, Higson,” I said, attempting to pass him, “fine day!”

“A fine day indeed,” he said, grasping my arm. “A very fine day—one of the finest days I ever remember. You will permit me, my friend—my dear, good, kind friend—to offer you some refreshment?”

It appeared to me that HIGSON must have had some already, and I told him so.

“Nonsense, nonsense!” he cried. “I insist—in the sacred name of good fellowship I insist!—MARY, my dear”—thus he addressed the waitress in the shop into which he had dragged me—“I’ll trouble you for a steak, two dozen oysters, a bottle of port, and two glasses of brandy-and-water.”

“Don’t keep them,” said the waitress

shortly—not altogether to my surprise, for I perceived that the establishment was an “A.B.C.” depôt.

“Bother!” said HIGSON, speaking for a moment in his ordinary tones, “that’s the worst of these blessed rules—they’re so hard to keep nowadays—MARY,” he resumed in his former manner, “the solemn time has come for us to part. Let me address you in my best blank verse, reserved for my emotional remarks. Virtue, my dear, virtue alone will bring complete and satisfying happiness. And now I’ll just chuck you under the chin and be off.”

“Come out of this!” I gasped, as the waitress hastily disappeared to fetch the manager, “come out of this, you lunatic—and tell me what fool’s game you are playing!”

“It’s nothing of the sort,” said HIGSON, as we regained the street. “I’ve just joined the ‘Dickens’ Fellowship,’ and I’m ‘promoting good fellowship, morality, and truth as expounded by’ that celebrated author. Look here, I’ve drunk no brandy-and-water for the last hour, and that’s clean against Rule 16. Or shall we have a jorum of punch? Not even that? How am I to live up to my principles if no

one will help me? Look, here are the Law Courts. Shall I go in and give comic evidence? Or would you like to see me fight a cabman?”

“Neither, thanks,” said I. “And I fancy that you’ll find what you term ‘the Dickens’ theory of good-fellowship’ a little difficult to carry out in these days.”

“Oh, no,” replied HIGSON. “You just come and stay with me for Christmas! We shall fill the wassail-bowl, and heap the logs high on the roaring fire, and the dear old chimes will ring out across the snow-covered fields, while the hours pass quickly with snapdragon, blind-man’s-buff, and forfeits—I forget the rest, but it’s very beautiful.”

“Yes,” I said, mockingly, “and you’ll gather round the fire and tell stories and—”

“No, no,” said HIGSON, quickly, “that’s wrong. They’ve altered that rule. We’re not to tell stories, but to read aloud from one of two masterpieces. Our President insisted on this.”

“And what are the masterpieces?”

“*The Christian* and *The Eternal City*. Do have some brandy-and-water!”

This time I consented. I felt I needed it.

## HALL-MARKED WITH THE BRAND OF CAINE.



THE announcement of a new play at Mr. TREE's theatre is in itself a sure and certain "draw" for several weeks. If, for many nights and *matinées* to come, His Majesty's be crowded to overflowing, as it was on the occasion of the visit of Mr. *Punch's* Representative, it will be no irrefragable testimony to the success of Mr. HALL CAINE's melodrama, but will simply witness to the popularity of the present management and to the stimulated curiosity of the public which has never yet been treated to the sight of a real live modern Pope "in his habit as he lives," on the stage of any theatre.

A long time ago, at the Lyceum, if this deponent's memory rightly serves him, there was a play called *Sixtus the Fifth*—a name very generally and most perversely rendered as *Fiftus the Sixth*. But in this instance the Cardinal, who was the principal character in the drama, was elected Pope only a few minutes before the fall of the curtain on the last act, so that, to all intents and purposes, as far as the spectators were concerned, the Cardinal remained "as he was" at the commencement of the play and of the Conclave. That occasion was the nearest to the present over-bold attempt, made by CAINE and able management, at placing a Pope on the stage, for which not a few there be who would like to haul CAINE over the coals. This imaginary Pope is styled *Pius the Tenth* (a muddle-headed invention, seeing that there has been a Pope PIUS THE NINTH, and that, in all probability, there will be at some future time a Pope PIUS THE TENTH), and in his unreal Pontificate are supposed to happen the stirring events that actually did occur in the pontificate of PIUS THE NINTH.

Let it be at once conceded that Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, to whom the impersonation of this most important figure is confided, plays the *rôle* with such dignity and true artistic feeling that the influence of the character is recognised and acknowledged—I may even say reverently acknowledged—by the discriminating audience, on whose feelings it would distinctly jar were the actor to come out of the picture and appear before the curtain in answer to the well-deserved plaudits. Others appear in front and bow their acknowledgments, but not so the artistically conscientious impersonator of His Holiness. And he is right. Mr. BRANDON THOMAS makes the part as important as it was intended to be, though it scarcely adds to its truthfulness to represent an Italian speaking Latin with broad English pronunciation; but perhaps this trifle escaped the notice of the learned author at rehearsals. As a matter of dramatic fact a Pope, be he who he may, is absolutely unessential to the plot. A Cardinal Secretary of State, such as was, in the time of PIUS THE NINTH, Cardinal ANTONELLI, would have served the purpose far better, that is, if such a character be wanted at all out of the novel where this eminent ecclesiastic "with a past" might have been left without damage to the melodrama. Excise the Papal scenes and you have a play rather less strong than *La Tosca*, of which in more than one respect *The Eternal City* is decidedly reminiscent.

What is the *Baron Bonelli* but *Baron Scarpia*? Does not the scene where *Roma Volonna*, standing on the right-hand side of the stage, fingers the pistol with gradually strengthening purpose, while her intended victim, *Baron Bonelli*, is seated on the left-hand side of the stage, smoking and talking with his back turned towards her, forcibly recall the situation where *La Tosca*, standing at the supper table ("R.H."), with deadly intent clutches a knife, while *Scarpia* ("L.H."), with his back towards her, is writing at

an *eseritoire*? But HALL CAINE, who, as compared with dramatist SARDOU, is "infirm of purpose," unites the lovers in the last scene, and so follows the fashion of what after all—or after HALL—is only old-fashioned Adelphi, or transpontine, melodrama writ large, and here, produced in splendid style at His Majesty's, backed up by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's well-earned reputation, is raised to a higher level as a work of art than if it had been produced, as it might have been years ago, at "Queen VICTORIA'S OWN Theatre," then known as "The Vic," where it would have been the right play in the right place.

Mr. TREE, as *Baron Bonelli*, is excellent, *cela va sans dire*, as also is Mr. ROBERT TABER (who always suggests to us what a HERMANN VEZIN, Junior, would be if there were "such a person") as *David Rossi*. On the fair shoulders of Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER falls the burden of the drama, and her *Donna Roma Volonna*, "Sculptor, and Ward of *Bonelli*," and, so to express it, "understudy" to the inviolated invisible wife of this middle-aged sensualist, is a record in her career, though she is severely overweighed. For is she not pitted against SARA BERNHARDT as *La Tosca*? The surprise of the piece (to a majority, but not to Mr. P.'s Representative) is in the *Bruno Rocco* of that thoroughly sound artist, Mr. LIONEL BROUGH. To this character, out of the whole list of *dramatis personæ*, and putting aside Mr. THOMAS's portrait of the Pope as "*hors de concours*," is given the finest chance in the play; and when that chance comes, Mr. BROUGH seizes it and turns it to the very best account. But for him this scene might have been deleted with advantage to the play. Mr. HALL CAINE should be deeply grateful to the clever experienced actor who "has pulled him through." The talented Brough-Bruno family, including his wife *Elena* (Miss FRANCES DILLON), *Francesca*, his mother-in-law (Miss MAY BROUGH), and *Joseph*, *Bruno's* son, Master NOEL COMPTON (a very first-rate small performer with, it may be safely assumed, a promising dramatic career before him), form quite a little domestic drama of their own, and the memory of their happiness and grief, and of the tragic end of the ill-treated *Bruno*, who has in him "more of the antique Roman than the Caine," lingers with us after all is over and we have gone to our rest-aurants.

The play is magnificently mounted, and, no doubt, the music, specially composed by Signor MASCAGNI, is well worth hearing apart from the play. That this eminent musician's work must be artistically sympathetic and appropriate is evident from the fact that it goes unnoticed by the majority, and though there is just a little too much of unintelligible singing to "music heard without" (it might be "choruses without words"), the accompanying "*melodrame*" never once distracts the attention of the audience from the main action.

The *City Press*, in defending the Corporation against the attack of Mr. BURNS, M.P., says:—"The charge that 'its public gluttony is as notorious as it is costly' is . . . unfounded. Certain allowances are made to committees for entertainment purposes; and, from time to time, the Corporation, as the mouthpiece of London, welcomes Royalties to the Guildhall." Mr. *Punch* is of opinion that 'mouthpiece of London,' in this connection, is good.

ANOTHER CRYPTOGRAM.—The name *Caliban* has been thought to be cryptographic for "cannibal." That SHAKESPEARE intended this to be the reading of the monster's character is sufficiently shown by the complaint, cleverly assigned to another *persona* for purposes of disguise: "Not a relation for a breakfast."—*Tempest*, Act V.

## CANADA AS SHE IS MISUNDERSTOOD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Reverting to your recent article under the title *The Great Misunderstood*, let me say that I am so glad that I did not publish my great work on "Canada, Her History, Customs and Resources" before visiting England. As planned, it would have been very unsatisfactory to people with settled opinions, of whom I have met several since landing on your hospitable and interesting shores.

As you are doubtless aware, the old contention that "What is, is" is rapidly giving way to the doctrine that "What is believed to be is is." (It is just possible that there is an "is" too many in that sentence, but as that only increases its metaphysical subtlety I hope the proof-reader will let it stand.) Having this in mind I have recast the materials of my book along new lines and added much that will be received here with placid approval, and in Canada with joyous wonder. By publishing the following prospectus you will confer a great favour on a fellow British subject.

## "CANADA, HER HISTORY, CUSTOMS AND RESOURCES."

CHAPTER I.—The discovery of Canada by the French and its recovery by the British—the original inheritors of the earth.

CHAPTER II.—The invention of the tuque and snowshoe costume, with a study of their subsequent effect on "The Ballet of All Nations," as it is still presented in all the capitals of Europe with the original cast.

CHAPTER III.—The geographical position of Canada, with map and historical footnote showing the value of disputed territory when Downing Street wishes to establish friendly relations with Washington.

CHAPTER IV.—A digression in which the author proves conclusively that when the North Pole is finally discovered it will be found to be somewhere near the centre of Canada.

CHAPTER V.—An appreciation of the Roast Beef of Old England and Wiltshire bacon as met with on the hoof in Ontario and the Canadian Northwest.

CHAPTER VI.—An exhaustive paper on Canadian fruits, in which it will be shown to the confusion of the scientific world that apples, grapes, peaches, pears, and plums, ripen within the Arctic Circle.

CHAPTER VII.—Interviews (properly expurgated) with prominent Canadians regarding Mr. KIPLING's *Lady of the Snows*, and Sir GILBERT PARKER'S



Lady Customer (at Bric-à-brac Shop). "I THINK YOU ARE VERY, VERI' DEAR!"  
Proprietor. "HUSH! NOT SO LOUD, MISS. MY OLD 'OMAN BE POWERFUL JEALOUS!"

Hudson Bay stories as an advertisement of Canada.

CHAPTER VIII.—The exports of Canada—dealing fully with Sir WILFRED LAURIER, philanthropic millionaires, and several plausible brands of red whisky.

CHAPTER IX.—The imports of Canada, with special reference to younger sons who need a change of venue. Instances will be cited of black sheep pasturing for a few years on the plains of Canada, and then returning to their happy homes with only slight Southdown markings.

CHAPTER X.—Conclusion—Canada's place among the younger nations that can ride and shoot. Assurances of continued loyalty and selections from the best "O-My-Country" poetry of "Canada's lyric choir."

It may interest you to know that I intend to remain in London for some time. To tell the truth, I am a trifle afraid that, when my book is published, popular enthusiasm will run so high that each of my fellow Canadians will want a fragment of me as a souvenir.

Yours warmly, C. A. NUCK.

## TO TOM SAWYER.

[MARK TWAIN'S cousin, MR. WILL CLEMENS, a New York journalist, says:—

"Most of MARK TWAIN'S characters were taken from life. *Huckleberry Finn* is MARK TWAIN himself. *Tom Sawyer*, now seventy-five years old, is the proprietor of a prosperous drinking saloon in San Francisco."

AND are you nearing seventy-six?

I held you as a deathless boy.

And do you dexterously mix

The drinks that give your nation joy?

A bar! how poor a lot for you!

Yet Mr. Dooley keeps one too.

And MARK, how oft does MARK drop in

To talk old Mississippi days,

And join you in a whiskey-skin,

And backward glance with wistful gaze

To those young times ere law was made,

And Injuns lurked in every glade?

My present drink is ginger beer,

So void our taverns of delight.

But ah! if your saloon were *here*,

How would I doff the Rechabite!

How would I quaff, and bless my luck,

The while you yarned of JIM and HUCK!

## THE FINAL TEST.

"WELL," I said, "when is it to be?"

PETTIFER sighed gloomily.

"Never," he replied. "Never. It's all off. Absolutely off. We have parted, and for ever. I loved that girl, SMITH, with an asbestos-defying passion to which no words of mine can hope to do justice. We were made for each other, SMITH. She disliked parsnips. I loathed them. We both collected postage-stamps. We both played ping-pong. Our tastes, in short, were identical, and the union, you might have thought, was of the sort that is made in Heaven. But, no. Far from it."

"You appear broken-hearted," I said, at the same time offering him the only consolation within my reach.

"Absolutely. Thanks. When. Not too much soda. Right. Utterly broken-hearted."

"Then why——?"

"I will tell you. Do you read the——?"

His voice sank to a reverent whisper as he mentioned the name of one of our great halfpenny journals.

"Regularly," I said, uncovering.

"It has a circulation five times as large as any penny morning paper."

"It is too true," said PETTIFER.

"Well, I, like you, am a constant reader of that great periodical. It is to that fact that I owe my present misery. A few days since I saw in its columns an article, brief but replete with interest, addressed to those about to marry. 'No man,' said the writer,

'should marry without previously examining his fiancée with the utmost strictness on the subject of music.'

"Music?"

"Precisely. The idea is that you play selections, and mark the effects. By these means, said the article, thousands of unhappy marriages might be prevented annually. I resolved to try the scheme. The result is as you see. Four days ago——"

"I know," I interrupted hurriedly; "four days ago you were a thing of life and joy, whereas now——! Well?"

"There was a good deal more of it," said PETTIFER querulously; "but that is certainly the gist of what I was about to remark. Well, I tried her first with an extract from SAINT-SAENS. It took her fancy from the first bar. That was a good beginning. Intelligence and a well-balanced character belong to the girl who admires SAINT-SAENS. I proceeded. She seemed pleased with a sonata of BEETHOVEN's, and positively encored the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*. I gathered, therefore, that she was not only artistic but exceedingly tender-hearted."

"Then why did you——?"

"I am coming to that. On the following day I opened with a few bars of OFFENBACH. To my dismay she was undeniably attracted by them."

"What did that imply?"

"Cunning. Guile and cunning of the worst description. I began to think that the pleasure she had exhibited at SAINT-SAENS and BEETHOVEN might—nay, must—have been a mere veneer. I resolved to stake my all on a final test. Fixing her with my eye, I began to play a little thing of my own, a beautiful little piece in five flats, key of G. Scarcely had I struck the keys, when from the street outside came the raucous strains of a peripatetic barrel-organ. The effect upon LUCINDA—I should say MISS ROBINSON—was electrical. She sprang to her feet, ran to the window, and began to listen with every symptom of extreme pleasure. The ruffian in charge played three airs, all extracts from that idiot Brown's latest comic opera."

"You don't like BROWN?" I queried.

BROWN is PETTIFER'S deadliest rival in the world of music.

He ignored the remark.

"When he had finished," he said, "she threw him half-a-crown, closed the window, and requested me to continue. I excused myself coldly, and retired."

"Yes?"

"The same evening I wrote to say that our engagement was at an end, and that, on receipt of a fully stamped and addressed envelope, I would return her letters."

## THE LUCK BRINGER.

A MAGICAL stone, purporting to be a copy of a talisman worn by the ancient PHARAOHS, has lately been put upon the market. For the ridiculously small sum of half-a-crown, it will confer upon the purchaser Success in Business, Fortune in Speculation, Happiness in Home Life, and various other blessings. We append a few quite unsolicited testimonials:—

DEAR SIR,—Your Hokus charm arrived by this morning's post and has already worked wonders. On rushing, as usual, to the station, I trod upon a piece of orange peel, and only fractured my right leg and dislocated my shoulder instead of breaking my neck. This will enable me to enjoy a quiet six weeks in hospital in place of my usual fatiguing holiday. I was proposing overnight to insure myself against accidents to-day, but that expense will now be quite unnecessary, as I can hardly come to grief in this excellent institution, at any rate for the next month or two. I can't sufficiently thank you, but remain

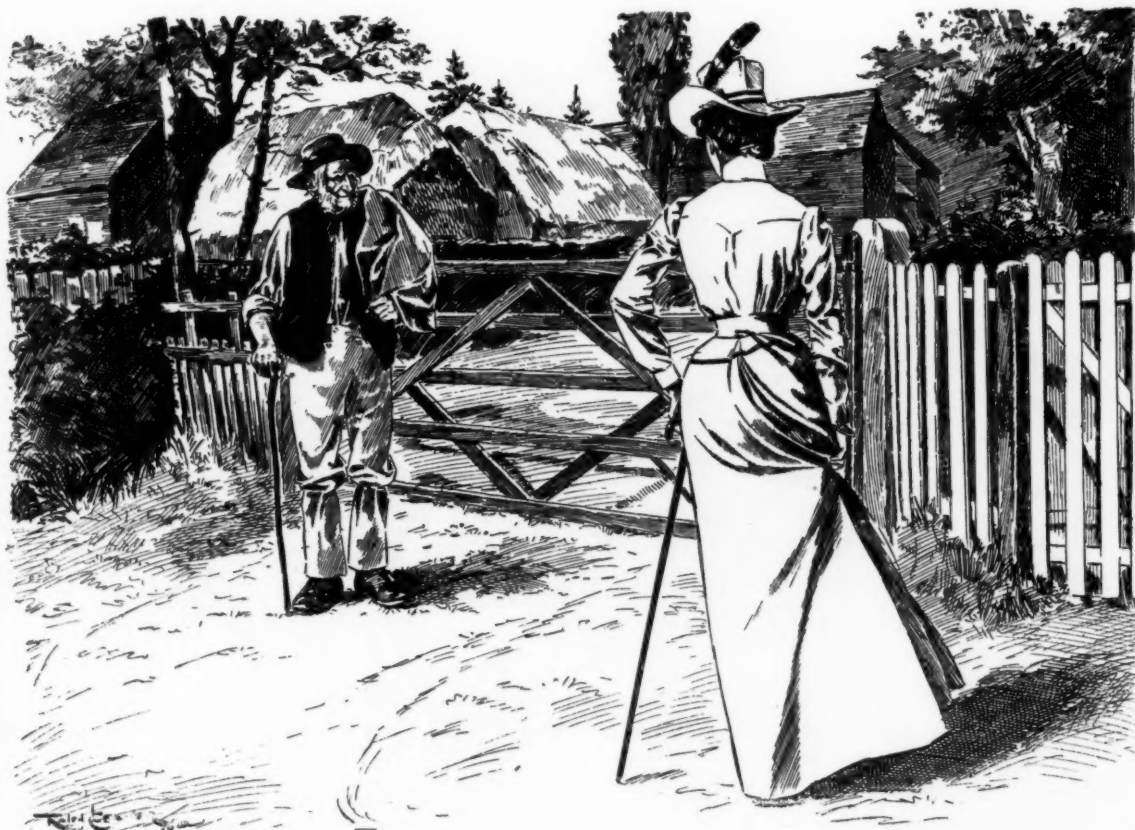
Yours gratefully,

TAPLEY MARKS.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased with the Hokus you have sent me. It has brought me almost within reach of great good fortune several times during the last few days. The very day I bought it I took it out with me to pay a call on an heiress. I proposed to her at once, relying on the talisman, and am happy to say I was *proxime accessit*, so to speak. She only said she loved another, and that my suit was out of the question, as they were going shortly to be married. But she was quite nice about it, though firm. Again, last Monday I backed the winner at 30 to 1, and should have made quite a little pile, only the gentleman with whom I had invested my fiver could not be found. Still, I had the moral satisfaction of seeing how splendidly your charm was working. The next day, too, I almost got a good appointment worth £1,500 a year. I was told that my name appeared among the selected three out of five hundred. And yesterday I just missed the train by a second, when endeavouring to catch the boat express to Southampton. If I hadn't been wearing the Hokus, I'm sure I should have missed it by quite a quarter of an hour, and I had a splendid run for my money. I could give many other instances, but these will show that I have good grounds for believing in the wonderful efficacy of your discovery. Please make any use you like of this testimonial.

Your sincere well-wisher,

SOLOMON GULL.



"I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU ABOUT AGAIN AFTER YOUR LONG ILLNESS, JAKES."

"THANKEE, MARM, THANKEE! BUT I BE THAT OLD, 'TWARNT 'ARDLY WUTH THE TROUBLE O' GETTIN' WELL."

SIR,—Your luck-bringer is a perfect cinch—in fact it overdoes it some. I have just got engaged to three summer-girls at once, and I guess I'll have to get you to fix things straight. I am mailing the contraption back to you so as you can adjust it right along.

Yours,  
EUGENE P. VAN TOZER.

Newport, U.S.A.

Miss AMELIA MIGGS is much obblidged for the arfcrown okus you ave sent me. She as at once give notis to the missis and broke orf with her young man. i cannot bemean myself to suchlike and ham now goin to bee a lady.

Yours wating for the luck  
too turn anny minit,  
AMELIA MIGGS.

Indian Medical Student (after attending a lecture by a famous Theosophist).

"Sir, you should go to hear him. He is the most eloquent man I ever heard. He spoke for three hours and never thought once."

#### MR. PUNCH'S COUNTRY RAMBLES.

(With acknowledgments to the  
"Daily Chronicle.")

A MEMORABLE afternoon may be spent by taking the train to Muggleton, and walking from there by way of Mudford, Slopington, Stickborough-in-the-Marsh, Drencham St. Swithuns, and Swilling-spout to Poddleton-on-the-Slosh. The whole district is full of memories of the great HODGE family (before it migrated into the towns). Quite a number of mute, inglorious MILTONS are buried in Poddleton churchyard, but a few people may still be seen in the market-place on Saturdays.

*Route of Ramble.*—Alighting at Muggleton Station (too much reliance should not be placed upon the elocation of the local railway porter) leave the refreshment room resolutely on the left (as you will need to keep your intelligence clear), and proceed in a north-north-east-half-northerly direction along a winding lane, until Mudford Beacon appears in the rear. Then turn back

across six meadows and a ploughed field, following alternately the bed of a stream and the right bank of the canal until Slopington is reached. From there follow the boundary line between the counties of Mudshire and Slopshire as far as Stickborough: from two to seven miles further on (according to the best local computation) lies Drencham, where is a remarkable pump. Leaving this landmark southwest-by-west, veer sharply to the left twice, and pursue a zig-zag course. If, at the twenty-second field, you are not within easy reach of Swillingspout it will be because you are incapable of following this brief chronicle. From the last-named place the nearest way to Poddleton is through the railway tunnel. It is not public, but persons have sometimes succeeded in getting through. Poddleton is nine miles from a station, but an omnibus walks the distance occasionally, when the horse is not required for funerals or other purposes.

*Length of Ramble.*—Doubtful. Has only been done in sections.



*Passer-by.* "WHOW, WHEREVER BE GWAIN', JARGE, THIS TOIME O' DAY?"

*Jarye.* "OH, WE'M A-GOIN' INTO THE TOWN TO ZEE THIS 'ERE COMET AS THEY TELLS ABOUT!"

[Wednesday, October 8.—*Daily Mail* announced that "To-night and to-morrow night PERBINT's comet is expected to be at its best and brightest."]

### JOURNALISM À LA MODE.

THE duel between General PERCIN and M. POLLOXAIS, at Ville d'Avray last week, must surely mark an epoch in journalistic "enterprise." Here is an account of the combat culled from the *Evening News*:—

"The men were anxious to fight out their quarrel without other witnesses than the seconds and the doctors, so they drove out from Paris to M. GAST's villa in two swift automobiles, which, they thought, left all the journalists behind them."

Vain thought! They reckoned without the strategic genius of the modern Pressman. For the report goes on:—

"There is, however, a wall which overlooks the garden of the villa in which the two men fought, and in this wall was perched a reporter of the newspaper '*La Presse*'!"

Happy newspaper *La Presse*! Happy journalist, securely perched upon a neighbouring wall to witness this heroic conflict! It is an exquisite picture—the two elderly gentlemen scudding away from Paris on panting automobiles, the reporters hot-foot after them, and one, out-running his fellows, or perhaps led by some diviner instinct, "perched" on his wall and calmly noting the details of the fray. Was ever combat between fire-eaters rendered more completely, more adorably ludicrous?

But the precedent set by that journalistic strategist on his wall will not be allowed to die. He has set the pace, as it were (like the poor General's automobile), and others must follow. Thus, the following items of news may be expected to figure ere long in the enterprising columns of the same journal which secured a report of the PERCIN duel:—

"Monsieur TEL, the celebrated scientist, died at his house in Passy last night. Every effort had been made to keep his approaching decease strictly private, and the house was guarded by police. One of our reporters, however, contrived

to secrete himself under the bed, and while there was able to note down upon his cuff the last speeches of the dying man. The deceased, who appeared to feel his position acutely, said . . . ."

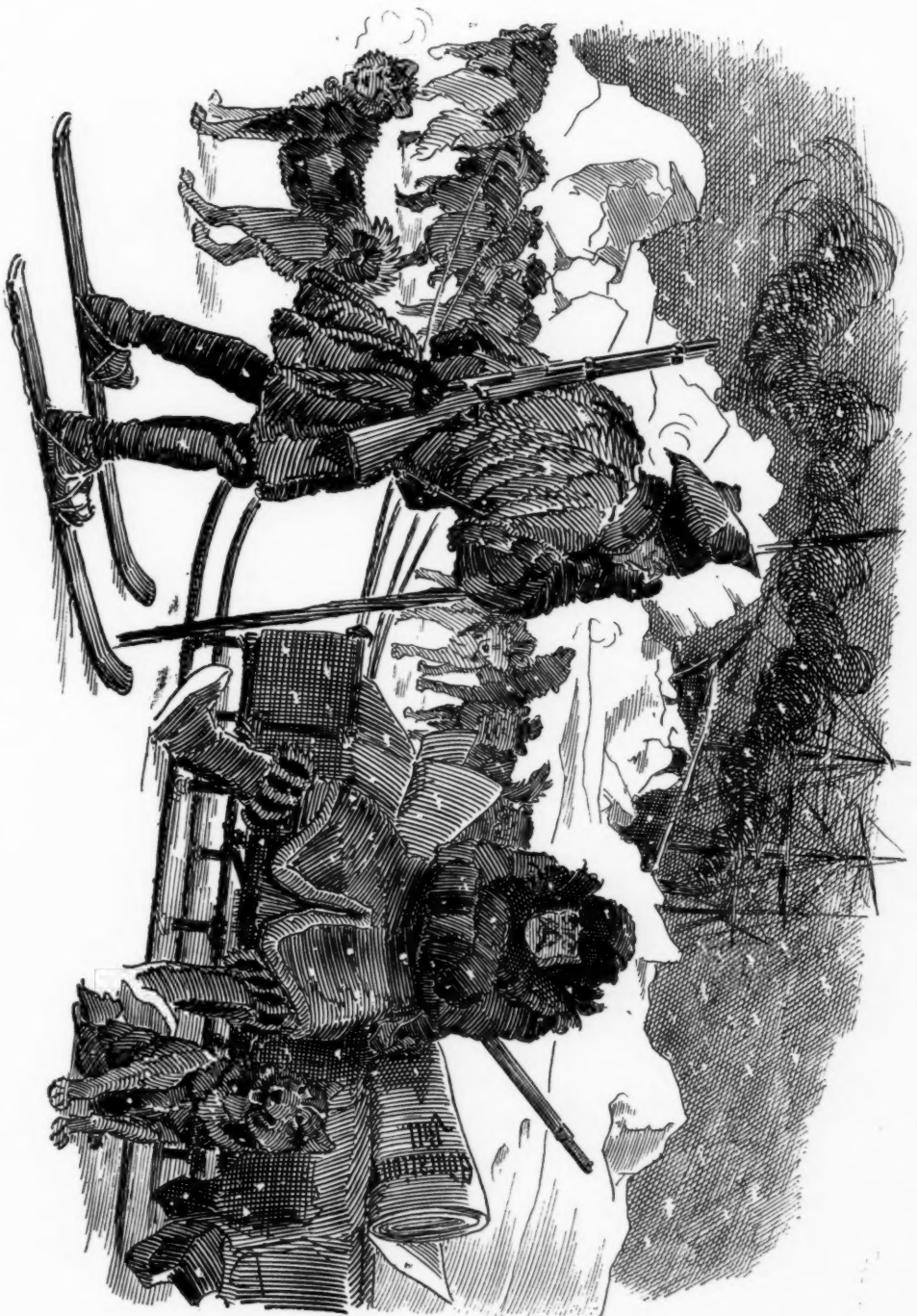
"The marriage of M. BLANC with Mlle. ROSE took place at the residence of the latter's parents yesterday. The wedding was very quiet, owing to the recent death of the bride's uncle, and the Press were not admitted. Our Representative, however, by peeping through the keyhole, was enabled to secure a view of at least a part of the ceremony, and his description is as follows. The bride wore . . . ."

"The reconciliation between M. and Madame FANFAN is now understood to be complete. No statement has been issued to the newspapers, but our Representative, by climbing on to the roof of an outhouse which commands a view of their sitting-room, and using an opera-glass, was able to ascertain that the pair are now apparently upon the most friendly terms. . . ."

"The President of the Republic dined quietly with his family and a few friends at the Elysée last evening. It was announced that the occasion was quite private, but a member of our staff, disguised as a gentleman, contrived to figure among the guests, and was able to note down the conversation on the back of the menu. The President said:—. . . ."

The circulation of the fortunate journal which is able to command the services of this resourceful staff should attain colossal proportions.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—We understand that Mr. BALFOUR, who, as everybody knows, is a disciple of HOBBS, has employed his truncated holiday in putting the finishing touches to a new work entitled "*Cupidity and the Place-hunters*."



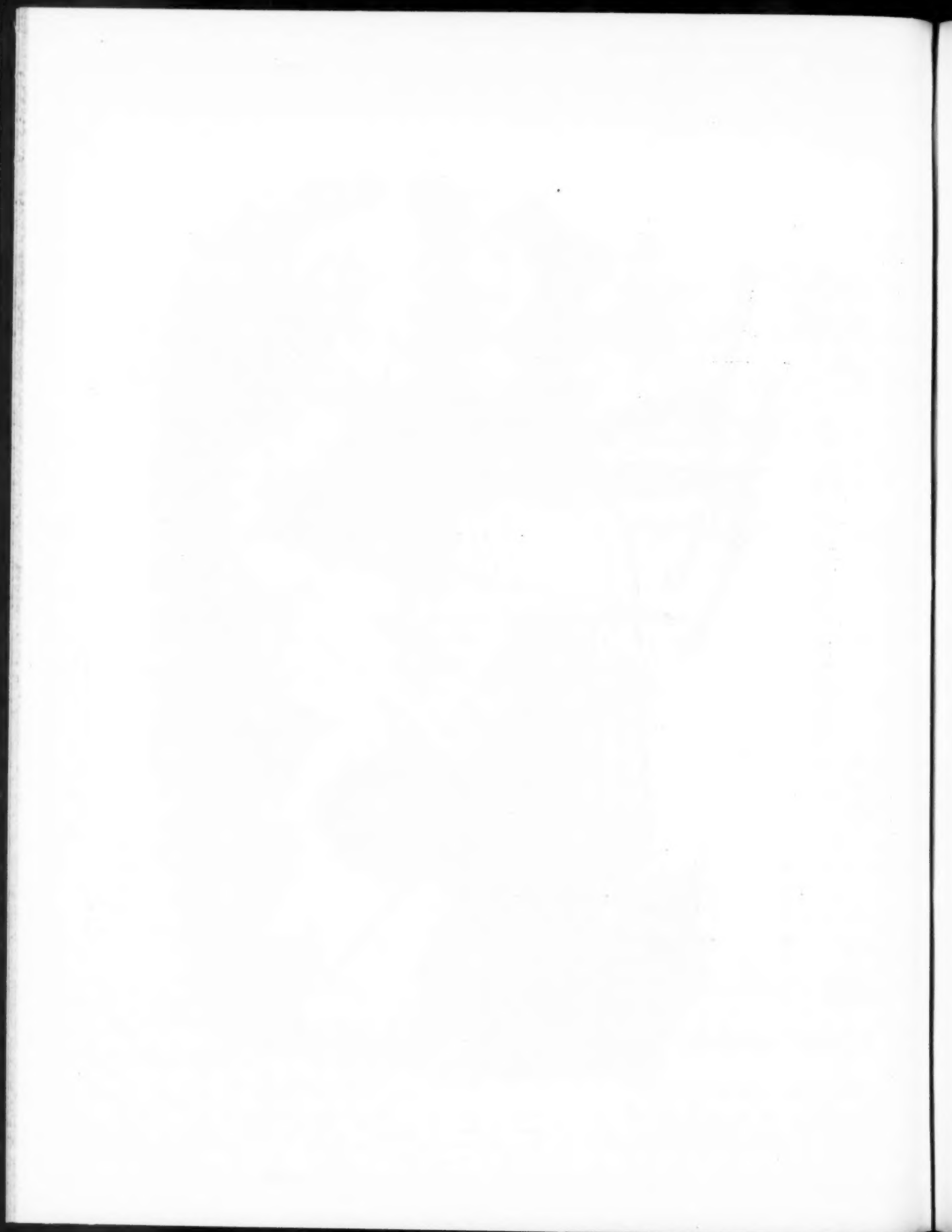
## A FINAL EFFORT.

*Sidney Simeon.*

RIGHT HON. AETHE-R B-L-F-R. "DO YOU THINK WE SHALL GET TO THE POLE?"

RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-M-B-M-S. "WELL, SPELL IT 'P O L E,' AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF WE DID."

RIGHT HON. A. B. (with keen sense of humour). "NA! NA!"



## THE SO-SO STORIES.

## I.—HOW THE CAMILLE GOT HIS HUMP.

Now this is the tale of how the CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE—got his big Hump, which he still has and is likely to keep.

You must understand that the CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE—used to live on ink, not nice blue-black dichroic ink like we have at home, but nasty French ink, and he had a 'normous Geyser pen and a 'rifice hairless paper pad, and he used to sit down and write 'mendous articles (which is Magic).

And one day he got tired of ink and thought he'd take to water instead—although he might have tried red ink, which is a beautiful medium to write in, being as red as scarlatina and much more wholesome. But this obstinaceous pertinaceous farinaceous (aren't they beautiful long words, Dearly Beloved?) CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE, remark—said he would have water and plenty of it, and so he set out to walk to the Mediterranean Sea.

Now while the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE was walking across France in the direction of the Equator, Dearly Beloved, they caught him and made him a Minister of Marine (which is also Magic), but all he said was "Humph," and he pursued his solitary strategic way towards the Mediterranean Sea.

When he got to the Mediterranean Sea he was so 'scruciating hungry that he insisted on having a Punch—which is a meal some hours later than Lunch, Best Beloved—and while he was there he rose to his feet and exclaimed in a voice of thunder and lightning, "Why shouldn't the Mediterranean Sea, which I observe basking in refulgent prosperity, pacification and dampness all around me, belong entirely to the Land of Frogs and French polishers?"

This is the way that Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLES always talk.

And everybody at the Punch said, "Just so."

But exactly at that moment old Father BULL stomped in.

"What were those words," he asked in a stentorian whisper, "that smote upon my auscultant auriculars?"

This is the way that old Father BULL always talks.

And the CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE, you must remember, Dearly Beloved—said it again.

"All right," said old Father BULL, and he thought no more about it, but when the CAMILLE got home he was spanked by his uncle the HANOTAUX, with his hard, hard hand; and he was spanked by his older uncle, the DELCASSÉ, with his harder, harder port-



## JOSEPH'S SURFACE UNRUFFLED.

*Wilhelmina Harcourt.* "‘PRETTY FANNY’S WAY,’ INDEED! I HOPED HE’D LOSE HIS TEMPER! IT’S ENOUGH TO MAKE EVEN ME USE A ‘QUALIFYING ADJECTIVE!’"

folio; and he was spanked by his third uncle, the LOUBET, with his hardest, hardest ruler; and although he said he never said it, he went away into "Scurity," which is a very dark place, with the most 'mendous 'normous and 'rifice Hump you ever saw, Dearly Beloved.

## THE STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY.

[“Lord KITCHENER might be a great general, but he certainly did not understand women.”—*Lady Lecturer at Leith.*]

To what end, asks *Mr. Punch*, more in sorrow than in anger—to what end this brilliant career, these laurels, the gratitude of a nation, if the hero proves after all to be no more than an ordinary man? In the interests of efficiency it must not be allowed that our general officers should fail to understand the fair sex! A thousand times no. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in offering for consideration the following paper, to be passed by all officers superior to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

1. Give a brief account of (a) EVE and the apple, or (b) HELEN and the siege of Troy; describing as shortly as possible the effect of either on the world's history. Draw your own conclusions.

2. To whom was the name GLORIANA given? Mention any contemporary ladies of military instinct to whom this *sobriquet* might be aptly applied.

3. What reasons are there for supposing that a battle-field is specially suited for pic-nics?

4. Explain why, in the event of disagreements between the wives of the Colonel and a Captain, it is advisable for the Captain to exchange, and state the advantages he will gain thereby.

5. What course would you pursue in a half-finished campaign if a lady assured you that your conduct was a series of errors? Would you begin it all again? Give your answer in moderate language.

6. Are you in favour of adding to the training of cadets an authorised course of drawing-room instruction? If so, what form should it take?

7. What military or prophetic significance has the phrase "Monstrous Regiment of Women"? If none, what does it mean?

8. Explain the importance of the postscript, and estimate the relation of a woman's words to her thoughts (a) when she means to conceal them; (b) when she tries to express them.

9. Give the contexts of the following passages, with short critical notes:

"Woman is not undeveloped man, But diverse . . ."

"Woman is at once the delight and the terror of man."

"To the Ladies, formerly your superiors, now our equals!"

## THE REMOUNT MAN.

(A War Office Portrait.)

He wasn't a man of exceptional nous,  
 But he gave his whole time to the job;  
 He mayn't have been an Admiral Rous,  
 But he knew a mule from a cob;  
 He never did justice to himself,  
 For his duties overtaken him,  
 And he frequently missed the actual gist  
 Of the questions that we asked him.

He was only the very roundest peg  
 Stuck fast in the squarest hole,  
 But you mustn't conclude from that, I beg,  
 That he wasn't a worthy soul.  
 We found him fixed in a fourth-floor flat,  
 When the war cloud burst around him,  
 He was doing his best, like all the rest,  
 So we left him where we found him.

## HOW TO GET ON.

No. I.—PRELIMINARY.

THERE seems to be no doubt about it: Britain is waking up. This condition, of course, like almost all other striking and important events, dates from the moment when Lord ROSEBURY inscribed upon his banner the magic word Efficiency. To be sure, he did not enter into particulars. So much condescension could not reasonably be expected from one who is raised far above the ordinary frailties, jealousies and ambitions of mankind, and who, moreover, has attained that exalted position by a long course of severe work, by an ascetic abstinence from the mere amusements, pleasures and frivolities of men, and by a punctilious devotion of all his energies to the public good. All that such a man can do is to utter something resounding, something that will appeal to the man in the Tube as well as to the man in the street, or the automobile, or on the platform, or even in the home. Then the minor lights come along, the Vice-Presidents of the Liberal League and other orators, and Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, and even Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and (in the intervals between expressing their supreme but affectionate contempt for one another) they—well, you would suppose they'd fill in the outlines, so to speak, of the great man's vast design, tell us all definitely where we fail and why we fall short; why the Germans are beating us in commerce, the French in railways, the Russians in diplomacy, and the Americans in every possible department of human activity. But, Heaven bless you, that's just what the minor lights don't do.

First of all, as is proper enough, they tell us that we are the most magnificent people in the world; that we have done, and are constantly doing, deeds that no other nation could even attempt to imitate; that we are magnanimous beyond belief; that it is impossible to contest either our virtues or our universal supremacy in all those matters that make nations truly great; that foreigners hate us because we are too successful—but that, by the way, there is one point that must be mentioned, one question on which we need to wake up, and that is the great, the paramount, question of Efficiency. That if we do not promptly become efficient we are lost; that other nations are efficient, and have therefore gone ahead of us; that our War Office is both incompetent and a hotbed of favouritism; that our Army can never be what it ought to be until our officers are totally different from what they are; that our Navy is under-manned, under-gunned and under-boilered; that our business men are sunk in sloth; that our public schools

cannot teach; that our elementary education is absurd; that our Cabinet Ministers are mere dilettanti, and that, in short, so miserable is our condition that, unless something immediate is done, we shall plunge into an abyss of ruin from which no amount of tardy wisdom will avail to extricate us. And the audience, which has cheered the first part of this speech with exaltation, applauds the final portion with a proud but gloomy enthusiasm, and goes home to bed with a stern resolve to make all the others efficient, or to die in the attempt.

Next morning, JONES, who has been reading the speech, meets BROWN in the accustomed suburban railway carriage which daily takes them to the City:—

"I see," says BROWN, in the tone of a man announcing the loss of a battle or the collapse of Westminster Abbey, "I see these confounded Americans have done us out of another contract for bridges, and the Germans, curse them, are simply shoving us out of China."

"Of course they are," says JONES; "but what else can you expect? We're not efficient, and I quite agree with Lord What's-his-name that until we are we're bound to go to the dogs."

"True for you," says BROWN. "We've got to wake up."

Thereupon JONES hastens to his office, reads a few letters, gives a few orders, and dashes down by a mid-day train to his favourite golf-links; while BROWN, after a heavy lunch, snores away the afternoon in an armchair in his private room; and both of them return home in the evening complaining of the severity of their labours, and thanking Heaven that they are not as Americans or Germans are.

However, I have said enough to show that, with all this talk of efficiency and waking up and changing our methods and wiping out reproaches that for some reason or other seem to be clinging to us, we may be brought face to face at any moment with almost revolutionary changes in all our departments of life. It will be the object of this series of articles to show men how, even under these altered conditions, they may still attain success in a variety of professions and occupations—in short, how they may become efficient.

## HUMANITY AND THE HOOLIGAN.

THOUGH the hobnail of the Hooligan is painting Lambeth red, Though his belt is chipping pieces from the law-abiding head,

Though policemen in infirmaries are racked with gastric pain,

He is still alive and kicking,—for the law must be humane.

Now and then by district magistrates he's "bound to keep the peace,"

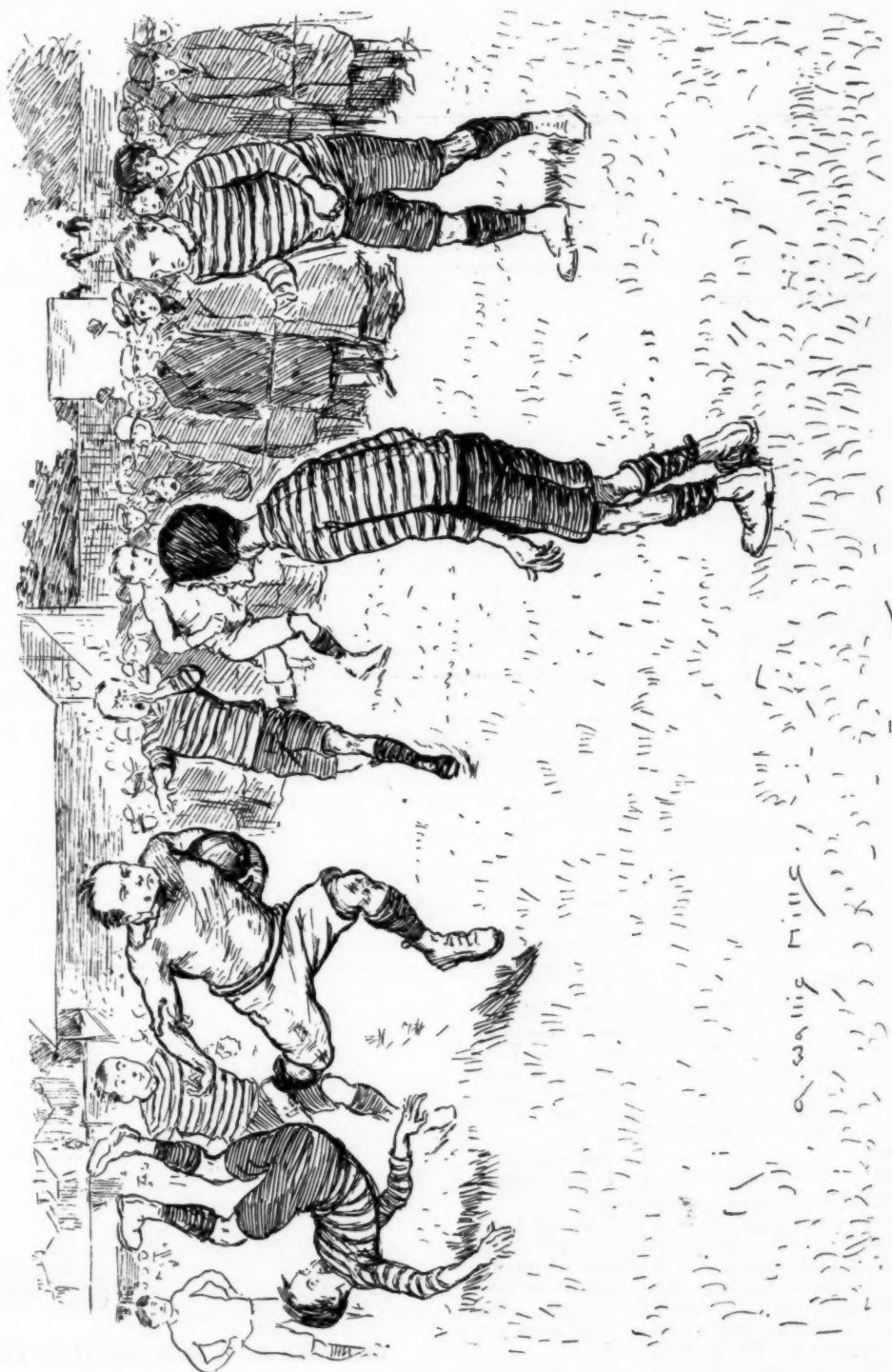
Or is given a month's hard labour—"for this sort of thing must cease,"—

Though that only gets his muscle up to do the same again, We have got the consolation that the law is quite humane.

So the gently nurtured Hooligan still tramples when he can On the unprotected stomach of the unoffending man, Or bestrews the street with fragments of constabulary brain, For it's only to the Hooligan the law is so humane.

## Cutting a New Acquaintance.

Major Longi'th' Bow. I met a Brahmin once with "JOHN SMITH, London," carved on his back. You see he was standing motionless in one of those pious trances which nothing is allowed to interrupt. In this state he was found by a cheap-tripper, who took him for a statue and cut his name as usual.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

*Captain (to Brown, who, owing to illness of one of the team, has been dragged in to play at the last moment). "COLLAR HIM, YOU FOOL!"*



"THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT."  
THE ONLY ONE WE KNOW.  
(With Apologies to Mr. Crossman.)

### SHALL FICTION DIE?

In answer to the fears that have been expressed in the *North American Review* on the above question, Mr. *Punch* proposes from time to time to publish outlines of plots with a view to preventing the threatened decay of this splendid industry.

#### NO. I.—THE NOVEL OF AFFAIRS.

*Hero* . . . ARTHUR PONSONBY, a handsome young engineer.

*Heroine* . . . LETTICE QUAYLE, a beautiful and virtuous waitress in the employ of the Aërated Bread Company.

*First Villain* . . . Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN.

*Second Villain* . . . Mr. SCHWAB (of the Steel Trust).

*Deus ex Machina* . . . The Maelstrom.

Mr. PONSONBY, after a lover's quarrel with the fair LETTICE, goes off in a temper to Monte Carlo. There he naturally loses all his money, and is about to blow his brains out when Mr. SCHWAB emerges from behind a convenient olive-tree and bids the young man stop. Then, as agent for Mr. MORGAN, Mr. SCHWAB offers the young engineer £5,000,000 for his services for one year. PONSONBY accepts the offer and swears a

frightful oath to fulfil all Mr. MORGAN'S orders for that period. Mr. SCHWAB pays the hero £5 on account and then reveals the awful plot. Mr. MORGAN has been refused a front seat at the Delhi Durbar, and has resolved to ruin England in revenge. He engages PONSONBY to alter the course of the Gulf Stream by erecting a huge barricade off the coast of Florida. Thus the Gulf Stream is to be diverted from the British Isles to Norway, and Great Britain will become a second Iceland. As our hero has pledged his word, in spite of his agony of mind he must carry the work through. However, he discovers an error in Mr. MORGAN'S calculations. The Gulf Stream is diverted and the Trust King pays our hero the balance of his little account. But the Gulf Stream is sucked in by the Maelstrom, and emerging from it, runs south, lapping all round the English Coast and converting England into a semi-tropical country. Mr. MORGAN in despair drowns himself in the Maelstrom with a full confession in his right boot. ARTHUR PONSONBY is created a Peer under the title of Baron MAELSTROM, because he has rendered it unnecessary for the British public to wear overcoats in August. He marries the waitress at Westminster Abbey, and Mr. AUSTIN publishes an aërated ode in honour of the occasion. Mr. SCHWAB, when last heard of, is earning a precarious livelihood by pruning the County Council cocoa-nut palms in the Strand.

It is hoped that Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS will certainly purchase the dramatic rights in order to secure the "Drowning Millionaire in Maelstrom" scene for Drury Lane.

### THE BURNING QUESTION.

WELL, old man. Back again! Had a good time?

Worse luck! Oh, ripping!

Playing well?

Top of my game. Driving like a blooming hurricane. Why, there's a hole there—496 yards it is—and I drove it in two.

You didn't!

I did, honour bright.

Well, all I can say is you're a bigger—I mean a longer driver than I thought. But—what were you down in?

Let's see. Six, I think it was. Or seven. I forgot.

Shocking bad green, though, and I was off my putting. But anyhow, I know I was hole high in two.

H'm!—did you say four hundred, or three?

Four. Four hundred and ninety-six yards. In two.

That's practically five hundred. Any wind?

Not a breath.

Two hundred and fifty yards a shot. Why, that's more than I—more than even EDWARD BLACK—by-the-by, what ball were you using?

Ball? Oh, er, one of those rubber-filled things. Forget which.

Ah! That proves it.

Proves what?

Why, the *Daily Mail*. It's right for once. It said the other day that those Yankee balls don't make any difference except to short drivers. So if it makes all that difference to you—

All what difference?

All that difference. I'm not good at subtraction sums when they run into three figures. But anyhow it proves—

D'you mean to imply that I'm not a long driver?

I don't imply. I know. I simply say that it proves—

Look here; if you know so much about it, why don't you go in for the *Golf Illustrated* exam.? It's open to all leading amateurs. Of course they have asked for your opinion?

As a matter of fact, no, they haven't. But—

You don't mean to say so! I thought from the way you talked—

Well, you weren't far wrong. Mind! I don't pretend to be one of them yet. But if you can make one of those golf balls bounce two hundred and fifty yards, why, we're all going to be leading amateurs—as long as we can afford 'em.



### OVERHEARD AT A MOST ENJOYABLE LUNCH.

*Epicurean Fly* (indignantly). "CONFOUND YOU, SIR! WIFE YOUR BOOTS BEFORE ALIGHTING ON THE BUTTER. YOU'VE JUST BEEN WALKING IN THE ONION PICKLE!"

## BOZIANA.

In a second article on "Boz and Boulogne" I regretted that DICKENS had not given his Pickwickian heroes a trip on the Continent, and still more heartily regretted that a book entitled *Pickwick Abroad* should ever have been written by one G. W. M. REYNOLDS. "This book," I am informed, "is very rare, but has some value, as solving one of the most disputed of all known jokes. In CALVERLEY's celebrated examination paper on *Pickwick*, Question 12 is 'Anythink for air and exercise,' as the very old donkey observed ven they voke him up from his death-bed to carry ten gentlemen to Greenwich in a tax-cart.—Illustrate this by stating any remark recorded in the 'Pickwick Papers' to have been made by a (previously) dumb animal, with the circumstances under which he made it. This," continues my correspondent, "has quite the Sam Weller flavour (the only one in the book as far as I could see which has), and I have known a dozen or more of people searching *Pickwick* again in despair to find it. CALVERLEY rather unfairly put it in quotation marks, but did not give its source. It was with the greatest joy, therefore, that I accidentally ran into it in REYNOLDS's *Pickwick Abroad*."

My correspondent adds that neither Sir WALTER BESANT nor Professor SKEAT, with whom BESANT was bracketed for the "Calverley *Pickwick* Prize," knew anything about the source of this quotation. The Hon. W. WARREN VERNON, in some interesting and amusing notes on CALVERLEY's questions, admits that "the Donkey quotation is not to be found in *Pickwick*," and proceeds to give the three instances, therein mentioned, of dumb animals being temporarily gifted with speech. The first is what "the Polar bear said to himself when he was practising skating"; the second records what "the parrot said," etc.; and the third is given by Sam to Mr. *Pickwick*, when, as an inducement to the latter to see Arabella the bride, with her husband Nathaniel Winkle, he said, "If you know'd who was near, Sir, I rayther think you'd change your note, as the hawk remarked to himself with a cheerful laugh, ven he heard the robin redbreast a-singing round the corner."

Mr. VERNON writes that CALVERLEY's question was probably "invented" by that eccentric humourist "as a trap." It was no invention, but CALVERLEY slyly picked out the one good thing in *Pickwick Abroad* and "somewhat unfairly" used it.

From France I have received an interesting letter à propos of what I may term the *villégiature* of CHARLES DICKENS at Condette, the little house pointed out to me as his, though it is not mentioned by him in his letters, and, as far as I can judge, only indirectly alluded to. M. HURET LAGACHE, now eighty years of age, for over forty years Maire of the Commune of Condette, and for eleven years President of the Chamber of Commerce at Boulogne, writes, in a private letter, from which I have permission to make this extract:—

"CHARLES DICKENS, le célèbre écrivain, a habité la maison de M. Beaumont-Mutuel"—(this is the "bungalow" that I visited last September near the Château d'Hardelot)—"il y faisait en 1864 son séjour favori et y restait, de temps en temps, une période de 8 jours; il a laissé quelques souvenirs parmi quelques habitants, et vous les trouverez quand vous viendrez y habiter."

Although I had not intended saying anything further at present on this subject, yet, as the short papers of September 17 and October 1 seem to have attracted so much attention in various quarters—judging, that is, by the amount of correspondence to which "Boz and Boulogne" has given rise—I have felt it due to all those interested, to fill up as far as possible the outlines already given with such definite and trustworthy information as has been subsequently communicated to

"A PROGRESSING PILGRIM."



VAL NORTON 942.

Lady (engaging a Maid). "WAS YOUR LAST MISTRESS SATISFIED WITH YOU?"

Maid. "WELL, MUM, SHE SAID SHE WAS VERY PLEASED WHEN I LEFT!"

## TO THE AUTHOR OF "DOLLY GRAY."

I AM bidding you good-bye, Mr. COBB,  
And I'll gladly tell you why, Mr. COBB:  
I've had more than I can bear  
Of that "murmur in the air"  
We are "hearing everywhere," Mr. COBB!

Never mind the soldier's feet, Mr. COBB,  
And "their uniforms so neat," Mr. COBB!

If we "needed" you to go  
"To the front to fight the foe"—  
Were you right to be so slow, Mr. COBB?

"Good-bye, DOLLY, I must leave you,"  
You have told her day by day,  
Adding sadly three lines later  
That you can no longer stay!  
But your parting's been so lengthy  
That the Army's done its job!  
Still it's time you started somewhere—  
Good-bye, Mr. COBB!

SPLENDOR IN MENSA.—Last winter we had tennis in tabular form. Why not try tabloid tennis? As the world grows older and simpler it concentrates everything into tabloids. The Indian drug *bang* might do as an ingredient in concocting the tennis tabloid. Each player takes two (thus, *bang-bang*), which, when swallowed, produce giddiness, incipient apoplexy, dishevelment, facial distortion, groveling, and all the other outward phenomena of the real thing. The players continue to take the tabloids till cured.

MOTTO FOR THE "D--Y M--L."—"All's well that ends WELLS."

## KITTY IN BORDERLAND.

I don't know how long *Kitty* has been running at the Duke of York's Theatre, with crowds running after her to see her *Marriage*, but, judging by the laughter, the rapturous applause, and the enthusiastic recalls at the end of every act, whereof I was a witness a few nights since, the nuptials of this very clever young lady, as represented to perfection by Miss MARIE TEMPEST, bid fair to be indefinitely prolonged, although, to my astonishment, I saw, in the hall of the theatre, an illuminated notice of another entertainment now in preparation by Mr. CHARLES FROHMANN. Why? Can there be any doubt as to the popularity of *The Marriage of Kitty*? It is a really funny, "frenchy," of course (ahem!) and very ingenious farce, played by such a quartette of thoroughly conscientious comedians as, whether in London or in Paris, where the original was produced, it would be difficult to match in any combination. Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is in deadly earnest as *Sir Reginald Belsize, Bart.*; Mr. GILBERT HARE, cool and alert, as *John Travers, Kitty's guardian and solicitor*; Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, most amusing as the hysterical "society" lady *Mme. de Semiano*, and Miss MARIE TEMPEST at her best as the light-hearted, spry *Katherine Silverton*.

Mr. COSMO GORDON LENNOX, adapter of this somewhat frisky and risky French farce, has done his work well. There are moments in these "rapid acts" when comes a sudden unexpected touch of pathos which saves the merry, unscrupulous heroine from the charge of heartlessness, and not only gives pause for a moment's serious human interest in the midst of improbable farcicality, but redeems the action from the category of ordinary French farces, whose drollery lies in their irresponsible recklessness. Miss TEMPEST is the life and soul of the piece *par excellence*, but for that matter, as a friend at my elbow put it, "Aren't they all 'lives and souls' of the piece?" They are.

*Honi soit qui mal y pense*, and those who miss seeing this lose a fair chance of a hearty laugh.

## THE COMING NATIONAL SPORT.

How fortunate for England, with her "muddled oafs," striving ingloriously at the effeminate game of football, that a new exercise is forcing itself upon us which will call forth the energetic daring of veritable heroes of romance! And for this exercise the sole qualification is to be an ordinary pedestrian in contact with a motor-car. For, granted the presence of but one motor-car, think



## DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Jones (at 7 A.M.; he has been invited to go cub-hunting at 9.30 A.M.). "HOW FAR IS IT TO DITCHEN, MY MAN?"

Rustic. "BEST PART O' SIX MILE BY THE ROAD, SUB. BUT IF YOU TAKE THE SHORT CUT OWER THAT STILE IT'S NOBBUT POWER!"

Jones. "ER—THANKS—I'M IN PLENTY OF TIME, I THINK!"

of the countless adventures with which it may provide the pedestrian in the course of a single morning stroll. What feats of strength and agility, what prodigies of valour will he be driven to perform or ever he reach his home in safety!

He may be chased along the road at hurricane speed, and at any moment find it necessary to leap aside, across a ditch or over a hedge. The motor-car may explode at his very feet, bursting into flames, and discharging at him boiling water and oil, passengers and machinery.

With several motor-cars simultaneously at work his experiences may be indefinitely varied, and will prove invaluable

to him hereafter as a soldier on the field of battle.

The equipment of a pedestrian should consist of a helmet and coat of mail to protect him against the missiles mentioned above; a life-belt in case of the tardy discovery of a pond or river the other side of a hedge; and grappling irons for use when a tree or high wall is the only route available.

Here, ready to our hands, are the materials for a manly and glorious national sport. It rests with the men of England to avail themselves of its matchless advantages, or basely to shelter behind the police regulations and give the motorist "in charge."